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**A BOOK OF
EPIGRAMS**

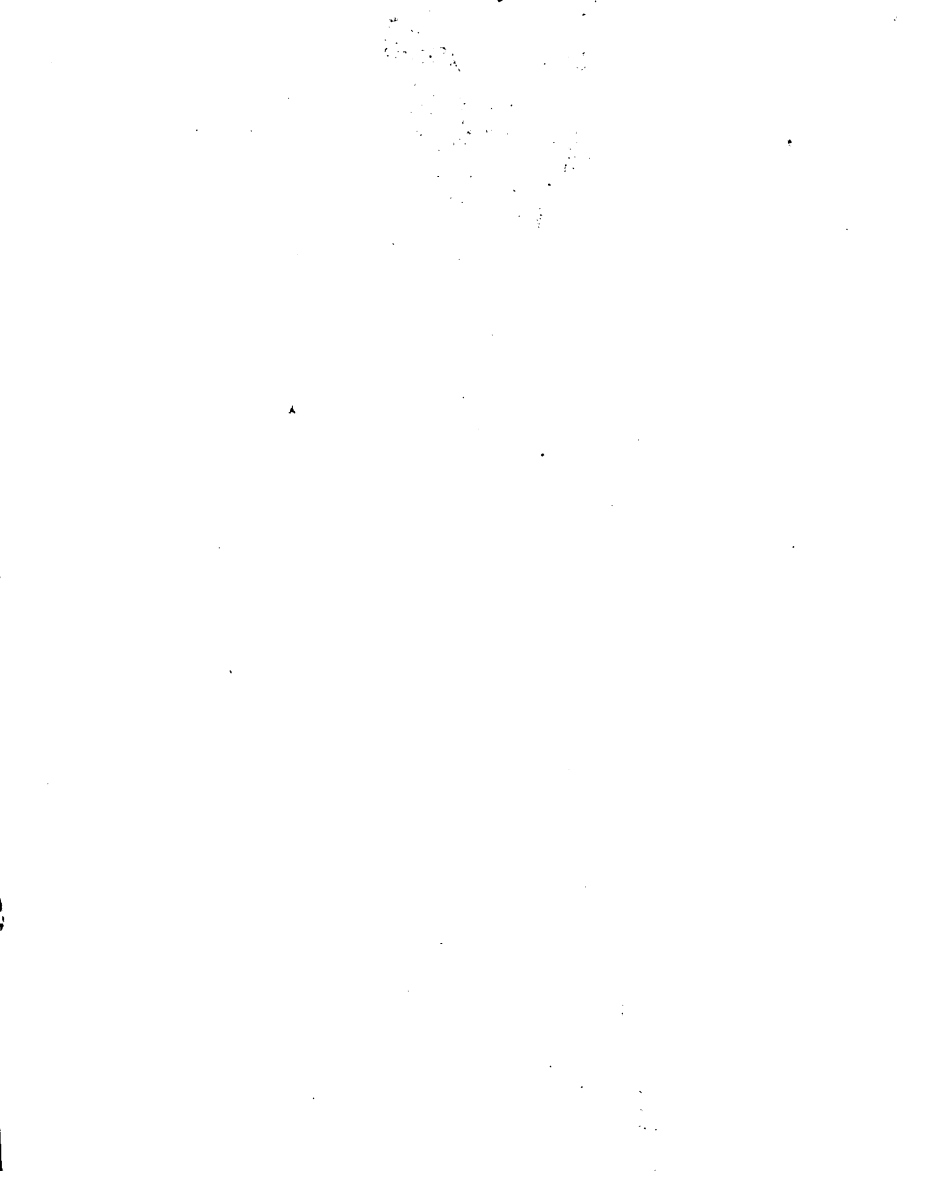
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ffor out of olde felles as men seith
Cometh al this newe con fess to pere
And out of olde bores in good feith
Cometh al this newe science that men here





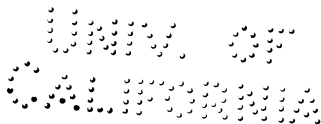


A BOOK OF
EPIGRAMS

GATHERED BY

RALPH A. LYON

EVANSTON
WILLIAM S. LORD
1902



THE
MUSEUM OF
ART AND HISTORY
OF THE
CITY OF
NEW YORK

EPIGRAMS

POETRY

She comes like the hushed beauty of the
night,

But sees too deep for laughter ;
Her touch is a vibration and a light
From worlds before and after.

[Charles E. Markham

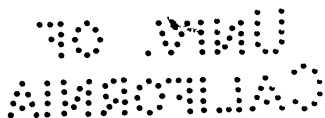
POETRY

Poetry? Can I define it, you inquire?

Yes ; by your pleasure ,

Poetry is Thought , in princeliest attire ,
Treading a measure.

[Doffield Osborne



THE YEAR'S MINSTRELSY

Spring, the low prelude of a lordlier song;
Summer, a music without hint of
death :

Autumn, a cadence lingeringly long :

Winter, a pause;—the Minstrel-Year
takes breath.

[William Watson

THE SUN

All the World's bravery that delights our
eyes,

Is but thy several liveries ;

Thou the rich dye on them bestows't,

Thy nimble Pencil paints this landscape
as thou go'st.

[Abraham Cowley

FAREWELL

I strove with none, for none was worth
my strife.

Nature I loved, and next to nature, art.
I warm'd both hands before the fire of
life:

It sinks ; and I am ready to depart.

[Walter Savage Landor

LIFE

As a shaft that is sped from a bow unseen
to an unseen mark,

As a bird that gleams in the firelight, and
hurries from dark to dark,

As the face of the stranger who smiled as
we passed in the crowded street,—

Our life is a glimmer, a flutter, a memory,
fading, yet sweet !

[William Cranston Lawton

**EPIGRAM ON THE DEATH OF EDWARD
FORBES.**

Nature, a jealous mistress, laid him low.
He woo'd and won her; and, by love
made bold,
She showed him more than mortal man
should know,
Then slew him lest her secret should
be told.

[Sydney Dobell

ON LONGFELLOW'S DEATH

No puissant singer he, whose silence
grieves
To-day the great West's tender heart
and strong;
No singer vast of voice: yet one who
leaves
His native air the sweeter for his song.

[William Watson

DANIEL WEBSTER

We have no high cathedral for his rest,
Dim with proud banners and the dust
of years ;
All we can give him is New England's
breast
To lay his head on—and his country's
tears.

[Thomas William Parsons

EUGENE FIELD

Fades his calm face beyond our mortal ken,
Lost in the light of lovelier realms
above ;
He left sweet memories in the hearts of
men
And climbed to God on little children's
love.

[Frank L. Stanton

THE DEBTOR CHRIST

Quid Mihi Et Tibi

What, woman, is my debt to thee,
That I should not deny
The boon thou dost demand of me?
"I gave thee power to die."

[John B. Tabb

TWO SPIRITS

A spirit above and a spirit below,
A spirit of joy and a spirit of woe;
The spirit above is the spirit divine,
The spirit below is the spirit of wine.

[Anonymous

ON A SUN-DIAL

With warning hand I mark Time's rapid
flight
From life's glad morning to its solemn
night ;
Yet , through the dear God's love, I also
show
There's Light above me by the Shade
below.

[John Greenleaf Whittier]

BORROWING

From the French

Some of your hurts you have cured ,
And the sharpest you still have survived ,
But what torments of grief you endured
From evils which never arrived !

[Ralph Waldo Emerson]

YOUTH

The Tear , down Childhood's cheek that
flows ,
Is like the dew-drop on the Rose ;
When next the Summer breeze comes by ,
And waves the bush , the Flower is dry.
[Sir Walter Scott

MY TROUBLES

I wrote down my troubles every day ;
And after a few short years ,
When I turned to the heartaches passed
away ,
I read them with smiles , not tears.
[John Boyle O'Reilly

SENSIBILITY

The soul of Music slumbers in the shell ,
Till waked and kindled by the Master's
 spell ;
And feeling Hearts—touch them but
 lightly—pour
A thousand melodies unheard before !

[Samuel Rogers

IS LOVE SO BLIND

The records of ancient times declare
 That hapless Love is blind ,
Yet many's the virtue, sweet and rare,
 That only Love can find.

[Henry W. Allport

SYMPATHY

What gem hath dropp'd and sparkles o'er
his chain ?

The Tear most sacred, shed for other's
pain,

That starts at once—bright—pure—from
Pity's mine,

Already polish'd by the Hand Divine.

[Lord Byron]

GRIEF

What cannot be preserved when Fortune
takes,

Patience her injury a mockery makes.

The robb'd, that smiles, steals something
from the Thief;

He robs himself, that spend a bootless
Grief.

[William Shakespeare]

OPPORTUNITY

It is a hag whom Life denies his kiss
As he rides questward in knight-errant
wise ;
Only when he hath passed her is it his
To know too late the Fairy in disguise.
[Madison Cawein

COMPETITION

The race is won ! As victor I am hailed
With deafening cheers from eager
throats ; and yet
Gladder the victory could I forget
The strained , white faces of the men who
failed.
[Julia Shayer

SLANDER

Oh ! many a shaft , at random sent ,
Finds mark the archer little meant ;
And many a Word , at random spoken ,
May soothe or wound a Heart that's
broken.

[Sir Walter Scott

VICE

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien ,
As to be hated needs but to be seen ;
Yet seen too oft , familiar with her face ,
We first endure , then pity , then embrace.

[Alexander Pope

TALKING

Words learn'd by rote , a Parrot may
rehearse ,

But talking is not always to converse ;
Not more distinct from Harmony divine ,
The constant creaking of a Country Sign.

[William Cowper

THINKERS. PAST AND PRESENT

God , by the earlier sceptic , was exiled ;
The later is more lenient grown and mild:
He sanctions God , provided you agree
To any other other name for deity.

[William Watson

THE COOK WELL DONE

Why call me a bloodthirsty , gluttonous
sinner

For pounding my chef when my peace
he subverts ?

If I can't thrash my cook when he gets a
poor dinner ,

Pray how shall the scamp ever get his
desserts ?

[Martial

"U" AND "I"

The difference between you and me

Is this , dear—more's the pity —

You're summering in the mountains ,

I'm simmering in the city !

[Ogden Ward

THE FIVE DOUBLE U'S

Winsomeness , wardrobe , words of elo-
quence ,

Wisdom , and wealth , bring men to con-
sequence.

That's something which a man in vain
pursues

Who is not blest with these five w's.*

[*From the Sanskrit* (Tr. by Chas. R. Lanman)]

WEALTH

Can wealth give Happiness ? look round ,
and see

What gay distress ! what splendid misery !

Whatever Fortune lavishly can pour ,

The mind annihilates , and calls for more.

[Edward Young]

*The Sanskrit word for each of these five things begins with w.

EQUITY—?

The meanest man I ever saw
Allus kep' inside o' the law ;
And ten-times better fellers I've knowed
The blame gran'-jury's sent over the road.

[James Whitcomb Riley]

A WHOLLY UNSCHOLASTIC OPINION

Plain hoss-sense in poetry-writin'
Would jest knock sentiment a-kitin'!
Mostly poets is all star-gazing'
And moanin'and groanin'and paraphrasin'!

[James Whitcomb Riley]

GOLDEN ROD

It is the twilight of the year
And through her wondrous wide abode
The autumn goes , all silently ,
To light her lamps along the road.

[Charles Hanson Towne

GRACE

Thou canst not move thy staff in air ,
Or dip thy paddle in the lake ,
But it carves the bow of beauty there ,
And the ripples in rhyme the oar for-
sake.

[Ralph Waldo Emerson

FROM THE FRENCH

Says Marmontel , The secret's mine
Of Racine's art-of-verse divine.
To do thee justice , Marmontel ,
Never was secret kept so well.

[William Watson

TWO POETS

A peacock's-tail-like splendour hath this
Muse ,
With eyes that see not throng'd, and gorgeous hues.
The swan's white grace that other wears
instead ,
Stately with stem-like throat and flower-like head.

[William Watson

TOMORROW

'Tis so far fetch'd, this morrow, that I fear
'Twill be both very old and very dear.
Tomorrow I will live, the fool doth say,
Why e'en to-day's too late, the wise lived
yesterday.

[Anonymous

QUATRAIN

Fear not the menace of the By-and-by;
To-day is ours, tomorrow Fate must give;
Stretch out your hands and eat, although
ye die—
Better to die than never once to live.

[Richard Hovey

ON MODERN STATESMEN

Midas, they say, possess'd the art of old,
Of turning whatso'er he touch'd to gold.
This modern statesmen can reverse with
ease;
Touch them with gold, they'll turn to
what you please.

[Anonymous]

ON FOLLY

The world of fools has such a store ,
That he who would not see an ass
Must bide at home and bolt his door ,
And break his looking-glass.

[From the French of La Monnoye]

ON THE ENBANKMENT

The impassive stony Sphinx kissed by the
 amorous moon ;
The little coster-girl , a Covent Garden
 rose ;
Three thousand years apart ! And yet
 alike for once in this—
Tonight , each has a secret she will not
 disclose.

[William Theodore Peters

LOVE

That happy minglement of Hearts ,
 Where , changed as chemic compounds
 are,
Each with its own Existence parts ,
 To find a new one , happier far !

[Thomas Moore

LOVE

A mighty Pain to Love it is ,
And 'tis a Pain that Pain to miss ;
But of all Pains , the greatest Pain
It is to Love , and Love in vain.

[Abraham Cowley

ON WOMEN AND HYMEN

Whether tall men, or short men, are best,
Or bold men, or modest and shy men,
I can't say , but I this can protest ,
All the fair are in favour of Hy-men.

[Anonymous

PETER AND HIS WIFE

After such years of dissension and strife,
Some wonder that Peter should weep for
his wife ;

But his tears on her grave are nothing
surprising,—

He's laying her dust, for fear of its rising.

[Thomas Hood

WHICH WAY DID HE GO?

(An Obituary)

His earthly warfare now is o'er

And closed his life sublime ;

From this cold world he vanished for

A brighter , warmer clime.

[Frank L. Stanton



WAR'S GLORIOUS ART

One to destroy is murder by the law,
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe:
To murder thousands takes a spacious
name ,
War's Glorious art , and gives immortal
Fame.

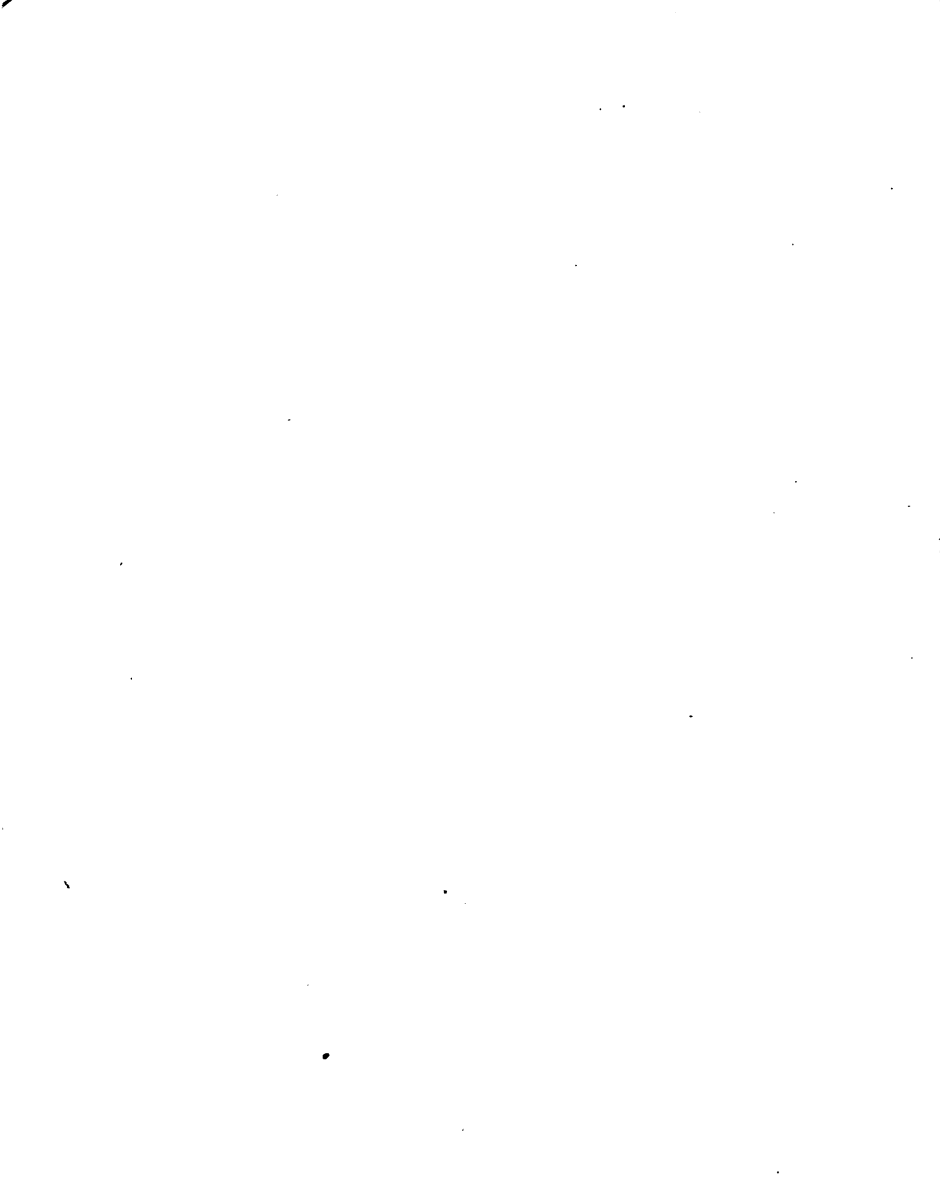
[Edward Young

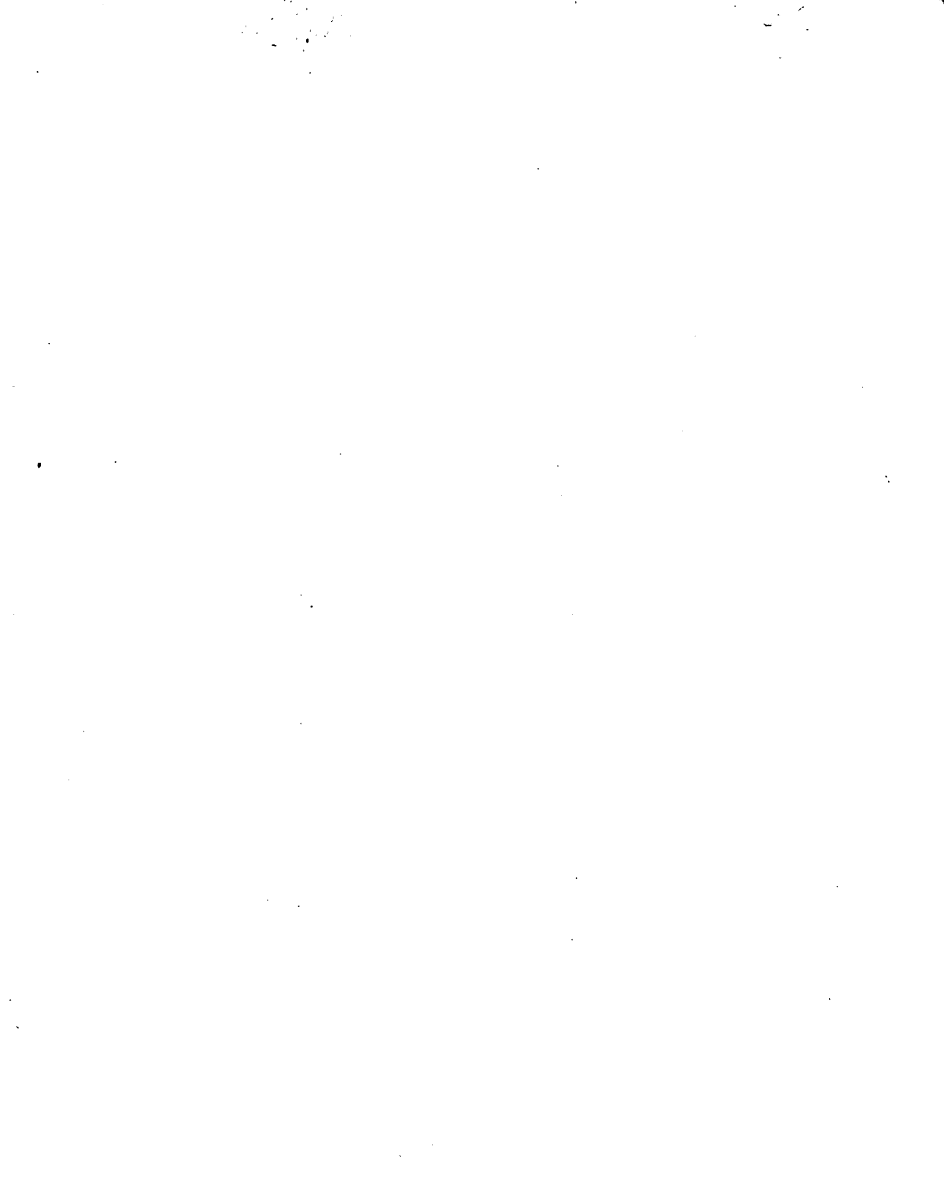
ETERNITY

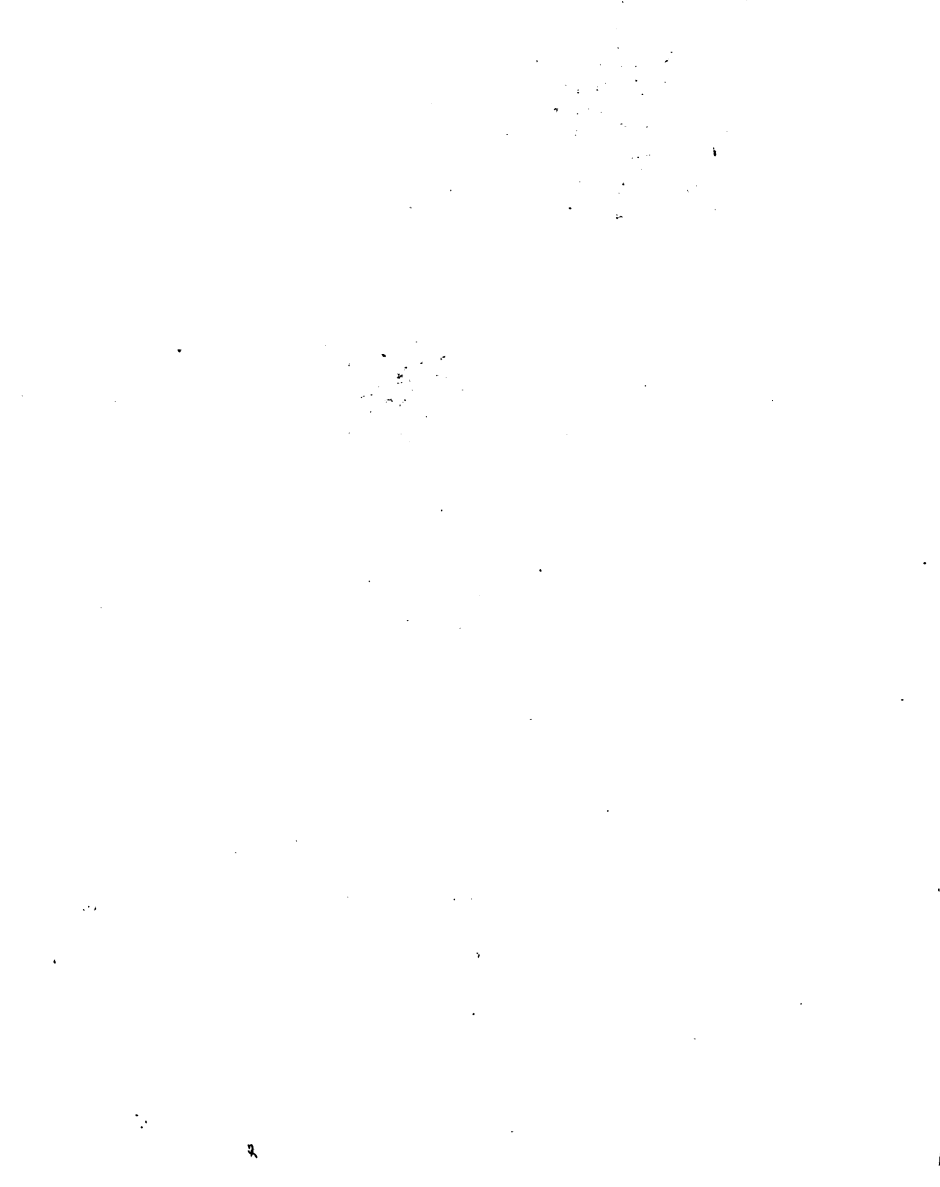
The One remains , the many change and
pass ;
Heaven's light forever shines, Earth's
shadows fly ;
Life , like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity.
"[Percy Bysshe Shelly











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